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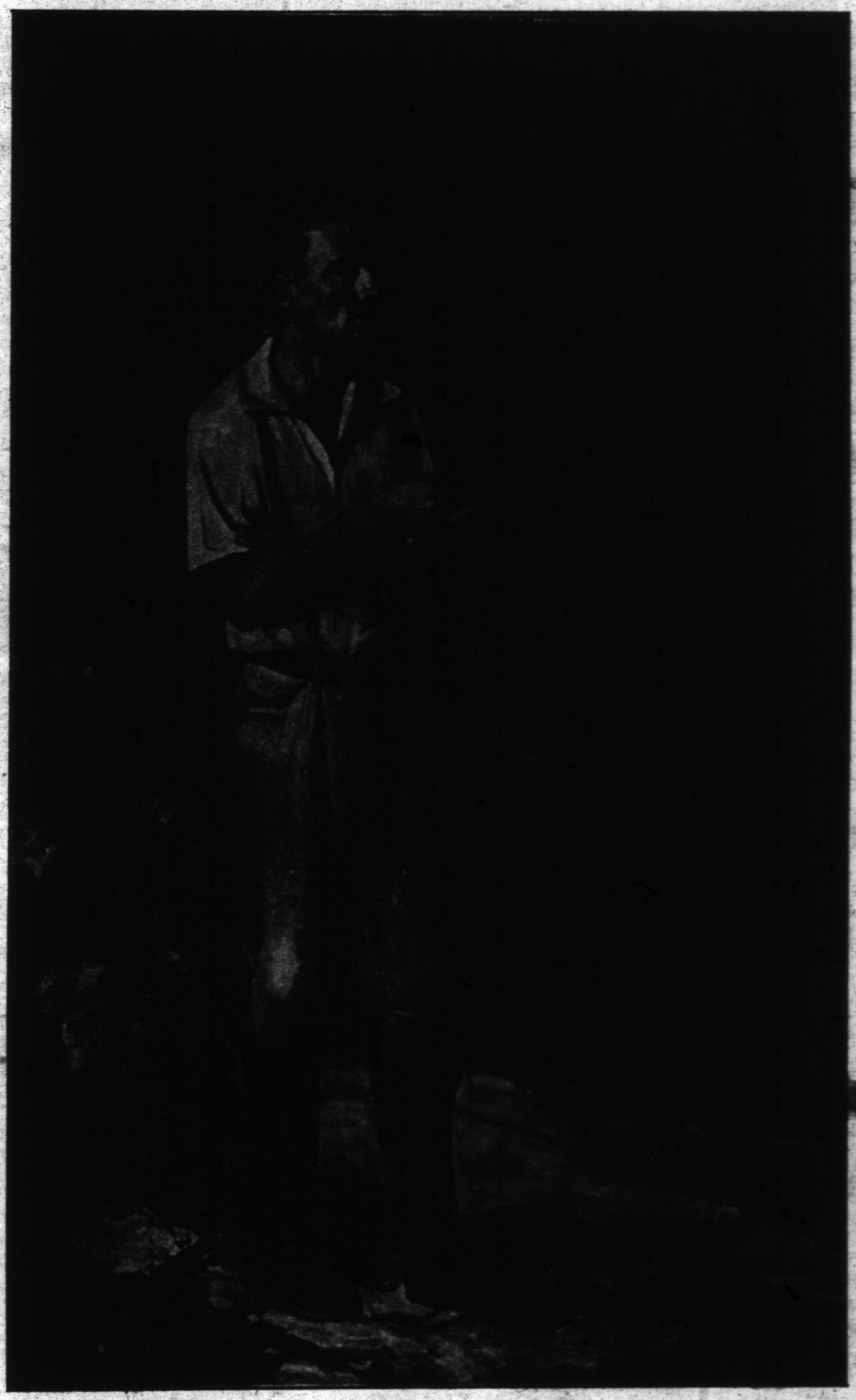
THE CARMEL CYMBAL

MAR. 2nd 1927

TEN CENTS

ROBINSON JEFFERS



*from a Painting by Rem Remsen*

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III. NUMBER 9. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1927 TWO DOLLARS THE YEAR


## Crescents Still Unbeaten in Abalone League

LAST Sunday's games in the Abalone League resulted in three important facts, namely, a tie for the lead in the High Line Series between the Eskimos and the Shamrock's; a clear lead for the Pirates in the Coast Line Series, and a clear sweep of four straight games for the Crescents in the Main Line. The White Sox cast off the hoodoo that has been over them in all the games this year and last, by defeating the Cowboys in a fast game at Hatton Fields. In the other game there the Shamrocks won over the Eskimos by a 13 to 10 score.

In the Coastline Series, the Pirates beat the Reds, 15 to 9, and the Giants won over the Tigers. The Crescents kept up their good work in the Mainline by defeated the Hawks, and the Rangers managed to win over the Sharks.

One of the freakiest of freak plays occurred at the game Sunday on the Point—something that has never before happened in the history of Carmel baseball. Bussey, of the Tigers, was on first and Dorsey was up to bat. Dorsey slugged deep into center in his usual style and ran at top speed around the bases until he overtook Bussey. On third the two runners collided and spilled themselves on each side of the base, but not touching it. Waldo Hicks received the ball from the fielder and tagged first one and then the other, making a double out.

The games for next Sunday will be:

On the Point
Tigers vs. Reds
Pirates vs. Giants
Hatton Fields
Eskimos vs. White Sox
Shamrocks vs. Cowboys
Mainline
Rangers vs. Crescents—Point
Hawks vs. Sharks—Hatton Fields

### NEW BOOKS AT GAME COCK LIBRARY

Unknown Path.....Atkey
Splendid Idle Forties.....Atherton
The Affair in Duplex.....Johnston
Sweepings ..... Cohen
The Kink.....Brock
Sylvia of the Minute.....Martin
Runaway Trail.....Treynor
House of Sin.....Allen Upward
Skin Deep.....Smith
All at Sea.....Carolyn Wells
War Birds—Diary of an Unknown Aviator

### BICYCLES THREATEN TO RETURN TO OUR MIDST

Old timers in Carmel prophecy that within the next month three fourths of the population here will be seen making the rounds of the village streets on bicycles. Owing to the great demand that is sure to come for these vehicles, all of the gift shops and tea rooms in our fair city will undoubtedly purchase a supply of them for the great number of consumers.

All of these startling facts were unearthed this week following an announcement by Miss Marty Farwell and Miss Tommi Thomson that they intended to tour the "Circle of Enchantment" on these instruments. Incidentally they are looking for one second-hand bicycle that will run, equipped with two wheels, tires and handle bars.

## Austin Lewis' Talk Open to the Public

AUSTIN LEWIS of San Francisco will speak on "The Situation in China" at the next meeting of the Carmel branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, at the home of Dr. Amelia Gates on El Camino Real between Seventh and Eighth. The public is invited.

The Carmel branch was formed two weeks ago, at the call of Miss Anne Martin, regional director of the National Association. At that meeting Mrs. Esther Teare was elected chairman of the group and Miss Mary Bulkley, secretary-treasurer.

## S. F. Players Guild Here on March 25

CARMEL WILL see both "The Bride of the Lamb" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" this month at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The Players Guild of San Francisco, under the direction of Reginald Travers, will perform these brilliant new plays on March 25 and 26, respectively. It is the first visit to Carmel of San Francisco's leading Little Theatre organization. Seat reservations are already being made. The season subscribers of the Golden Bough are given first choice of seats. Public sale of tickets will begin March 21.

Mrs. Eric Wilkinson returned Sunday from a trip to Victoria, B. C., Banff and Cranbrook.


Theatre of The Golden Bough

Wednesday, March 9

at Eight Forty-five

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# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926, at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

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## PERSONAL MENTION

MARY CURTIS RICHARDSON, well known portrait painter, is visiting in Carmel this week. She has taken the Kluegal cottage on El Camino Real. This artist has her studio on Russian Hill, San Francisco.

* * *

Miss Jeanette Smoyer, a University of California student, was the house guest of Miss Pauline Meeks last week end.

* * * *

Miss Geneva Christmas spent the week end in San Jose, where she visited with friends.

* * * *

Mrs. Gertrude Lee Nelson, writer and lecturer, who is the au of Mrs. Guy Koepp, will speak in San Francisco at the Century Club next Monday. Her subjects will be "Finding Youth" and "The Movies".

* * *

Lucia Shepardson has a book just off the press, entitled "California As Is". Miss Shepardson is a resident of Pacific Grove.

* * *

Helen Wilson is in Carmel visiting her sister, Katherine Cooke. Mrs. Wilson has been living in Hollywood for some time.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Crandall Jenks, of Evanston, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Maude I. Hogle at her new home on Lincoln street for a few weeks. Mrs. Jenks is Mrs. Hogle's sister.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Howard are being congratulated on the birth of a son born last week in San Francisco. As Miss Anita Zabala, Mrs. Howard was well known in Carmel. She and Mr Howard have been making their home in Burlingame. The baby is the first grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stuart Howard of Burlingame and of Mrs. Ernest Wilkes of San Francisco.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur L. Lee and Miss Lola Lee of New York, who visit California every winter, are here for a few days before going south.

* * *

Mrs. James Shewan has arrived at Pebble Beach from New York, and will spend several weeks here. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Shewan spent several weeks on the Peninsula, when they were occupying "Crossways", the J. O. Tobin home at Burlingame.

* * *

Mrs. Jack Reiners and Miss Anita Reiners left on Thursday for their home in Fresno. The Reiners home at Pebble Beach has been recently purchased by Colonel Wallace, who has been stationed at Mare Island.

* * *

Mrs. Louis Hill and Miss Maude Hill of St. Paul, Michigan, are occupying their Pebble Beach home for some time. Louis W. Hill Jr. who last fall entered the great railway system founded by his father, is at the present time stationed in San Francisco. He spent the week end here with his mother and sister.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Stutsman and their baby have returned from Honolulu and have taken a cottage on San Antonio. Stutsman recently resigned from the U. S. Army. Miss Marie Rudolph of Pacific Grove accompanied the Stutsmans to the Islands.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Stanton entertained at luncheon on Tuesday for the inaugural meeting of a new section of the Carmel Woman's Club, the Junior Literary Club, studing the books of today. The members of this section include Mesdames Richard Johnson, William Argo, Paul Whitman, "Woody" Rountree, Robert Stanton, O. J. Cope, Eric Wilkinson, John C. Orcutt and Miss Gladys Vander Roest. Mrs. Robert Stanton was elected chairman of the group and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, secretary. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Wilkinson's on March 15.

* * *

H. F. Dickinson returned to his Carmel home last week after a six months tour of Europe and Africa. Dickinson did some big game hunting in the African jungles. The rest of the Dickinsons are expected home at the end of this month.

* * *

The children of the 7th and 8th grades were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wermuth to hear President Coolidge's Washington Day address over the radio last Tuesday morning.

* * * *

Mrs. Hilda Argo has been ill this week with a severe attack of influenza.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Wrightson, a University of California student, visited Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Doulton over the week end.

* * *

A card party for the benefit of Unity Hall was given last Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare. As well as cards, there were music, games and refreshments during the evening.

* * *

A crowd of peninsula young people attended the second of the dances sponsored by the Carmel Parent Teacher's Association last Saturday night at the Sunset School auditorium. This dance was said to be even a greater success than the first one, a few weeks ago.


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# Amazing Light Organ Here Next Week

AN ART without a vocabulary of its own is that of light as played through the medium of Thomas Wilfred's Clavilux, which will be brought to The Theatre of The Golden Bough for a recital of silent compositions on Wednesday, March 9. In Europe and in America the critics have been lavish in their praise of Mr. Wilfred's work, yet in discussing it they have been forced to resort to terms used in connection with music and painting.

Mr. Wilfred's thesis is that in an art of light, color, form and motion corresponding to melody, harmony and rhythm in music naturally makes it a close ally to that art. On the other hand, the fact that the compositions are visual and are wrought in terms of color naturally makes apparent a strong relationship to painting.

Any instrument which so unites the properly perfected, is beyond doubt as rhythms of music with the accents of color, or a paint brush. Great advances have permanent an addition to art as a violin been made in the Clavilux since its first demonstration in New York five years ago.

# Trustees Move For Complete Sewerage

PRELIMINARY resolutions for the instalation of sewers in all the districts of Carmel were passed Monday night at a special meeting of the board of trustees. Resolutions ordering and adopting plans were passed, as well as twelve resolutions ordering the rights of way to be accepted by the city. These rights of way were granted by the property owners through whose land the sewers will run. The plans were drawn up by H. D. Severence, city engineer. The third and fourth editions of the city as well as the Eighty Acre Tract will all be included in the sewerage proposition. Protests on the sewer matter will be heard at the next meeting of the trustees on March 21. In the meantime, the plans will be on file at the office of the City Clerk Sadie Van Brower, where they may be seen by the general public.

Carmel's Volstead Act was given a second reading and passed, with all the trustees but H. P. Larouette voting aye. A heavy fine will be imposed on those who neglect to observe this ordinance.

A bill of sale was read giving Carmel full ownership of the city fire engine. The regular meeting will be held next Monday.

## CHURCH MEMBERS TO SELECT THE SERMONS

The members of the congregation of the Carmel Community Church will be asked to select their own sermons for the next month from a list of subjects that have been posted at the church by Rev. I. M. Terwilliger. Four titles will be selected next Sunday from the list, and they will be used during this month.

Next Sunday will be the regular Sabbath for Holy Communion. The topic for the sermon will be "The Meaning of Sacrament". Epworth League will meet at 7 o'clock.

## SANITARY BOARD ELECTION TO BE HELD MONDAY

The election of the Carmel Sanitary Board will be held next Monday in the building on Dolores street now occupied by The Cymbal branch office and Robert Norton's Real Estate office, according to an announcement made Monday. W. L. Tower, who filled the unexpired term formerly held by R. C. De Yoe, will be up for reelection, as well as Thomas Morgan and H. W. Askew, members of the board who go out this year.

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# The Saga of Snik
## the adventures of a rat

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THE CARMEL BAKERY

What a smell.
What is it you make?
What is it you sell?
Cake?
Yes, old scout,
But you're too late
We're all sold out.
Just my fate.
All out of pie.
I am Snik
Goodbye.
You make me sick.

# Cast Selected for Next Show Planned By Carmel Players

WITH the exception of three minor parts, the cast has been selected for the next play to be produced by the Carmel Players, "The Bride", a mystery comedy by George Middleton. It will be given at the Arts and Crafts Theater on March 18 and 19. Dorothy Hare of Monterey will play the leading part—that of the bride. The parts of the two brothers will be taken by George Ball and Stanton Babcock, the butler will be played by Kenneth Lynan, the aunt by Louis Walcott, and the part of Inspector Wilson by Donald Tutuer of Hollywood. Tutuer has been spending the winter months in Carmel.

Both the lines and the situation of the comedy are very amusing and entertaining. The scene is set in a luxurious New York apartment, the residence of the two bachelors. The bride arrives quite unexpectedly—through the trap door in the roof. Not being the bride of either of the brothers, the scene is excellent comedy.

Actions begin with the first few lines in the play, and continues throughout the three acts. Rehearsals are goin on in full swing at the present time.


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# Beholding Vice Without a Satyr

HAVING become a little tired of certain metallic notes in present literature and being somewhat overfed with cleverness, we turn backwards sometimes to those forgotten volumes in dim corners which hold their patient treasures through the years . . . awaiting just such moments.

Brushing the dust from the gold edges and trying to remember what train of thoughts the musty smell calls up, we poke the fire and settle cozily beneath the lamp. A faded ribbon marks a place and that is the obvious page to begin at, even if it is about the middle.

Sir Thomas Browne from his Religio Medici speaks awhile: "It is as compleat a piece of madness to miscal and rave against the times or think to recal men to reason by a fit of passion. Democritus, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as deeply hypochondriack as Heraclitus that bewailed them. It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humors, that is in their fits of madness and folly; as well understanding that wisdom is not prophan'd unto the world and it is the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavor to abolish vice destroy also virtue; for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet the life of one another . . . Noble natures and such as are capable of goodness are railed into vice, that might as easily be abmonished into virtue."

We rub our eyes and sit up. Two hundred intervening years of culture have not improved upon this for tolerance. Is progress then a myth? Too bad we cannot send Sir Thomas a season ticket to our theatre just to see him sitting there with his curls and his little goat's beard and his wide range of vision unnarrowed by any wish to keep us pure.

Wouldn't it be interesting to live for a few days in the middle of each century and get a chance to make comparisons?

We'd probably find the same old story each time....the younger generation heading straight for perdition and the older folks pining for the good old days. And wouldn't we find this also a myth....this purity of the age before?.....if you'd call it purity. It would be fun to see the same long faces despairing over the destiny of mankind and the same bright spirits breaking free. But Sir Thomas has made us wonder if it would not be possible to live one's life outside of vice and virtue both, for to be called virtuous is as irksome to some natures as to be called vicious is to others. Just to be the onlooker watching the stream of humanity go by....the light and the dark of it....seeking neither to disparage the bright ones nor to uplift the evil ones....that would be living indeed ....and on the bank of the stream there would be time to watch the sky and to observe a daffodil or two.

—DORA CHAPPLE HAGEMEYER

# O. Henry on the Mind Immortality

BOB DAVIS and O. Henry, the famous Caliph of Bagdad-on-the-Subway were basking one day in the shade of the bathhouse on the beach of Howard Gould's estate. They were both parboiled by the sun and their catch of fish amounted to two flounders. O. Henry, discouraged as a fisherman, turned to philosophizing on the salability of the printed word, says Mr. Davis in the New York Sun.

"'Here is a notebook,' said O. Henry, taking the sheaf from his coat pocket. 'It contains a dozen sheets of blank, white paper. With a lead pencil on these several sheets I write a tale three of four thousand words in length. You buy the story and print it in one of the magazines you edit. If it is a good story it gets into a book, or perhaps is dramatized and put on the stage. Very well; that's a beginning that has to do with its earning powers. I begin to get royalties on the volume, the serial rights, the drama and maybe some day a motion picture. It goes on and on reaping profit and yet it is never anything but the figment of my imagination, converted into words. Is that clear?'

"He paused and ran a stream of sand through his hands, one above the other like an hour glass, his eyes searching the distant horizon of the Sound. 'It emanates from my mind and but for the presence of the printed name of the writer, would lose its identity. But it survives, perhaps exists through the ages.

"'Now I have a daughter,' he continued after a long pause, 'a child of my own flesh and blood, bone of my bone. She looks and acts like me. She is the most precious possession I have. She is a material, breathing entity—another me. In threescore years and ten, according to the Biblical injunction, she will return to the elements, and that will be the absolute last of Margaret Porter, daughter of O. Henry. But the written words, set down methodically, laboriously and with infinite pains on these sheets of white paper, fugitive reflections at best, live on. Queer, isn't is? Flesh; mortal. Thought: immortal.'"

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# *Notes and Comment*

THE CYMBAL is today re-publishing on its cover the half-tone reproduction of Rem Remsen's painting of Robinson Jeffers because since the picture was originally printed by us last September there have been persistent and increasing requests for it. Of course, the edition was exhausted long ago, and we are glad to be able to gratify the desires of admirers of both Mr. Jeffers and Mr. Remsen by re-printing the reproduction of the painting. And there is a technical, or mechanical, phase of the matter that may be interesting to readers of The Cymbal. The paper on which The Cymbal is printed is called a rough finish poster stock. It is not considered adaptible for the reproduction of half-tone cuts. And Blake, Moffitt & Towne of San Francisco, from whom we buy our paper, were extremely surprised at the successful result of our attempt to reproduce this half-tone of the Jeffers portrait. The warmth of the picture, as printed in The Cymbal, is principally obtained through the use of the "buff tint" background. And while we are naming names we might as well remark that the "buff tint" is purchased by us from the George H. Morrill ink company of San Francisco.

* * *

**Mrs. Astor Would Have Laughed**

WE are compelled to note, much against our inherent modesty, a caption in a recent issue of the Del Monte Hotel's house organ, "Game and Gossip" which reads: "Tennis usurped golf's place at Pebble Beach when Lady Strathcona of England, in hat and pearls, and Mrs. Vincent Astor of New York made the courts a vogue during their stay at Del Monte Lodge. Below is Mrs Astor serving quite seriously." Now, if what "Game and Gossip" says about Lady Strathcona is true, we can readily appreciate the usurption of golf's place by tennis; that is, at least, while Lady Strathcona, "in hat and pearls", was tennising, but we insist that it is highly improbable that if Mrs. Astor was playing with Lady Strathcona, "in hat and pearls", she could have been "serving quite seriously".

* * *

**You Tell Us**

IN response to a recently published query we rise to say that we bite—who in fury is Daniel G. McDougall?

* * *

**And We Get In**

NOW that Dorothea Castelhun is far away from here and probably will not get back in time to scan the proofs of this issue of The Cymbal, we are safe, temporarily at least, in commenting on the illustriousness of our associate editor. It so happens that when she departed we were given instructions to open mail addressed to her which had the appearance of being designed for her in her capacity as a member of the editorial staff of the paper. In this category was included correspondence from book publishers. And so we recently opened a letter which was plainly from a book publisher. It was from the publisher of a very important book, to say the least. It was from the publisher of "Who's Who" and it desired Miss Castelhun to provide the publishers of "Who's Who" with a sketch of her life. Of course, we have to know that the reason why "Who's Who" wants this information is because Miss Castelhun is the author of the very popular Penelope books for girls, but we have received from her a promise that she will mention in the sketch she sends them that she is associate editor of The Cymbal. And we ought to get more than a vicarious thrill out of that, hadn't we?

---

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# CARMEL'S CHILDREN IN ART

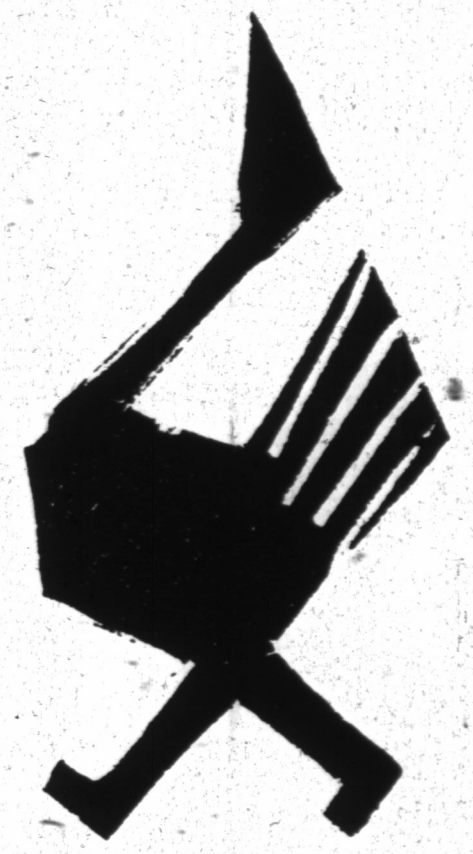
THE linoleum blocks on this page of The Cymbal were designed and executed by four of Carmel's children who are among those being taught by Robert W. Hestwood the way they should go in the realms of art. At the Hestwood studios in the Seven Arts building special classes have been formed for the children and according to the artist his pupils are making most serious and pronounced contacts with the elusive talent.

Bob Hestwood has had a particular success with children in his teaching experience. He says that his idea is not to lead the child so much as to get things out of its way so it can walk by itself. He removes a lot of technicalities from the path of the children in his classes and then walks with them along the road. The results are particularly gratifying to the instructor, so-called, and thrilling to the children.

The four designs on this page demonstrate how far the children have gone in the two weeks they have been in their classes. The designs are simple but they are designs of perfect concept whether or not the children who do them appreciate it. And they were cut by the children themselves in the linoleum from which they are printed.

The Cymbal will display the blocks today in the window of its Dolores street office.

A Linoleum Block, designed and cut by Josephine Dibrell, 12 years old.



A Linoleum Block,
Designed and cut by Nadine Fox, 13 years old.

A Linoleum Block,
Designed and cut by Ruth Kellogg, 11 years old.

A Linoleum Block designed and cut by Anne Walcott, 13 years old.

## STANFORD STUDENTS TO GIVE "KISS FOR CINDERELLA"

"A Kiss for Cinderella" by Sir James Barrie will be produced by the students of Stanford University next Friday evening at the Assembly Hall, under the direction of Gordan Davis, who is well known here.

Miss Peggy Randall will play the lead—the part that was made so famous by Maude Adams. Gordon Davis has done some exceptionally brilliant work in directing the plays on the campus this season, so with the unusual lighting effects that will be used, the play should be one that is worth while seeing.

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A radio telegram received this week by Mrs. Louise Walcott announced that Stuart Walcott, her son, who is cheif radio operator on the S. S. Los Almos, will be in Carmel next week for a short visit. The ship will drydock in San Francisco the first of the week. It has been working up and down the coast from lower California to Canada.

# A Rejected Manuscript

(Concluded from last week)

I HAD left the Advertiser in the early part of 1921 and had taken the position of secretary to Major John H. Wilson of Honolulu, one of the pillars of the frail frame of the Democratic party in Hawaii. Missionaries had ever been anathema to me. Without wealth I could look with clear eyes on those who so iniquitously acquired it. The Advertiser's diabolical attitude in regard to the automobile tragedy in the winter of 1922 aroused me to the writing of weekly letters of opinion in the New Freedom. Having nothing to fear, absolutely independent of every organization and individual in the islands, I wrote with a joyously untrammeled pen. The public seemed to like it. Friday, the day on which the New Freedom appeared on the street, became the red-letter day of the week. Street sales, of which the weekly previously had none, leaped into the thousands and subscriptions were sent in from the other islands.

Early in 1923 the People's Bank of Hilo closed its doors. Whisperings reached me as to the direct cause of the failure. I investigated and discovered that Governor Wallace R. Farrington, who still retains his chair under the favor of the sugar planters, had between sessions of the legislature named Abe Lewis territorial treasurer, ex-officio bank examiner. Lewis immediately discovered as bank examiner that the People's Bank, the only independent banking institution in the territory and a bug-bear to the planters' financial control of affairs, was in a bad way. One or two of its officers had been lax in the handling of funds. Their greatest crime, however, had been in financing homesteaders. Instead of quietly taking charge of affairs as bank examiner, compelling a re-organization and coincidently saving thousands of poor depositers, Lewis, as territorial treasurer, withdrew all the territorial funds from the bank and left it flat on its face. This accomplished, he resigned, and at once set about the completion of previously-started negotiations to combine another Hilo bank with the Bank of Hawaii in Honolulu. This left the people of the island of Hawaii completely at the mercy of that institution and the Bank of Bishop and Company, two lions who lie down together.

My letter in the New Freedom carried the headlines: "The Rape of the People's Bank", and I gave the facts as I obtained them. It was told to me later that Farrington's reaction was almost apoplectic. He rushed fuming across the hall of Iolani Palace to the office of the attorney general. But John H. Mathewman was something different from what Farrington had anticipated when he appointed him. Mathewman was honest, he was fearless and he was bold. On the governor's demand that the attorney general prepare a complaint against me for criminal libel, Mathewman twirled his glasses in his fingers and replied with the question: "Well, the young man has the facts, hasn't he?"

That encouraged me. I had based my attack on individuals, not organizations. I realized that I could best get things over to the people by resorting to personalities. I could have attacked the system, the institutions and their principles until the crack of doom and never disturbed the surface of public interest and anger. But to shoot direct at men whose social standing in the community was believed to render them immune to open criticism; to charge them with personal responsibility for the criminal acts of the organizations which they controlled and which controlled them—this aroused the interest of the people. At first they were astonished, then fearful of a bolt of anger from the Christian God whose disciples were being held up to scorn, and finally encouraged by the hope of better things when my victims winced and cried out.

My next effort at getting things over was against the law and I knew that it was when I did it.

A part-Hawaiian boy was murdered by two or three Filipinos during a fight over a crap-shooting game. He had been fearfully beaten and left dying on the sidewalk near the business center of the city. My offering in the New Freedom that week was in the form of an open letter to E. Faxon Bishop, president of C. Brewer and Company, one of the Big Five. I could not have picked out a more prominent personage in the community, one of greater financial and political power. Faxon Bishop was—still is—a power unto himself. He is about the last man in Hawaii one would choose to antagonize. But my flare headline in the New Freedom that week read: "E. Faxon Bishop Is a Murderer". I elaborated on the statement along the following lines:

The sugar planters of Hawaii have no concern in the social problem which they have created in the islands. They have no consideration for the welfare of those who make their homes permanently in Hawaii and will be compelled to live there generation after generation to come. They care nothing if a foreign people such as the Japanese encroach on the residential districts of the "whites" or Hawaiians. Not until their own home fortresses in the Nuuanu and Manoa valleys are menaced will they be concerned and then they will remove their families to Pacific Heights in San Francisco and operate their plantations through trusted Scottish managers who are demons for directing the fendal system.

In 1915, when the first large importation of Filipinos for plantation labor was accomplished, Bishop was president both of the sugar planters' association and of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, which is nothing more nor less than a subsidary organization of that association. As president of the planter's organization he helped to frame the contracts for Filipino laborers, and as president of the chamber of commerce, at identically the same time, he signed resolutions requesting labor agencies in California to send no white labor to Hawaii. "We have an abundance of labor," the resolutions read. The sugar planters wanted no labor with the white scale of pay and the white independence. They wanted ignorant foreigners, men whom they could drive and to whom they could pay twenty-two cents a day for gruelling plantation labor.

My open letter contended that E. Faxon Bishop had brought the Filipinos to Hawaii; that the lowest grade of Filipinos had been obtained; that he had refused an opportunity to get Americans; that he had, consequently, been responsible for the death of Francis Wright; that, in fact, he had murdered Francis Wright.

The result was obvious and I knew its coming was only a matter of days. This time Mathewman was compelled to accede to the request of Governor Farrington who, still fuming, saw what he considered a chance to avenge himself for the People's Bank article. Faxon Bishop, to give him due credit for perspicuity the governor does not possess, would not have made the complaint. He knew the card he should play was to ignore me. In declaring him a murderer I had violated the libel law and made charges that I could not prove, but he knew and I knew that I had not injured his standing in the community. I had merely again driven home to the public another example of the industrial system's complete indifference to the welfare of the community.

But with the blindness of anger Farrington made the mistake of his life with the warrant for my arrest; a mistake I had gleefully anticipated. I was tried before a police judge and defended myself. I was found guilty, of course, and fined ten dollars by a Portuguese judge with a sense of humor rare in his race. I appealed the case to the circuit court and a jury. I would have appealed even if the fine had been ten cents or ten mills. I needed more publicity for my cause. Before the higher court I again defended myself, pitifully and with the amusing spectacle that always attends a layman's efforts to keep his head above the legal procedure and technicalities of an American court. The jury had no course but to find me guilty on the instructions of Judge Andrade who fined me $50. From the time of my arrest to the final court decison the Advertiser and Star-Bulletin gave me columns of publicity. Daily they added

friends to my cause with their editorials against me.

V

The trial followed by two weeks my announced intention to run for supervisor of Honolulu in the fall elections that year. I had no more desire to be a Honolulu supervisor than I now have to discover a new north pole. That legislative body could provide me with no opportunity to help the Hawaiians or Hawaii. The dominant circle in the islands is concerned only with legislation regarding alien labor, public lands, taxes and sugar tariffs. These are not matters for the county board of supervisors. But the chance the candidacy would give me to get before the public in the quasi-dignity of a political campaign appealed strongly to my plan to talk and write a new public consciousness into the people. In this the Advertiser and Star-Bulletin aided me immeasurably. Indeed I doubt if I could have obtained the surprising vote of 8,032 at the final election in November without their assistance. Andrew Farrell and Riley B. Allen, editorial writers on the two papers, and 110 percent Americans, wore out their thesauruses in search of adjectives to characterize me as unworthy of the support of the voters.

I was fighting an ultimately losing fight and I knew it, but I was determined to fight it until it was hopelessly lost. I was elected to the board of supervisors as the third man in a successful list of seven. Of the six others four were either Hawaiian or part-Hawaiian and two had lived in the islands since boyhood. I had been a resident for only four years and the Hawaiian in me was confined to my heart. I offer this merely to show that the people had been aroused not alone to conditions as they existed but to a realization that these conditions could be openly fought and branded on the public rostrum for what they were. I had carried on my campaign on an announced "anti-Missionary, anti-Sugar Planter" platform, and it is to the credit of the community, not to me, that my principles were upheld by surprisingly large votes throughout the sections which were almost entirely "white" as well as the thickly-populated Hawaiian districts. In the forty-one precincts of the county there were not half a dozen in which I did not run well up in the group of seven successful candidates.

This was renewed hope. I went to San Francisco in November of 1923 to arrange for equipment for a new daily newspaper in Honolulu. I started that paper in March, 1924, on a veritable shoe-string, a ragged shoe-string. I had formed on paper a $25,000 corporation, but had been able to collect scarcely enough on the stock subscriptions to make the required initial payment of $250 on one type-setting machine. And further collections to any appreciable amount were highly dubious.

But the Honolulu Times appeared some time before midnight on March 1, 1924, the date of my announced initial edition. It was the product of a torture-torn press that seemed to have been innoculated with missionary serum. The excited and weary eyes of an editor never looked on a more physically deformed and smudged newspaper. But its text in letter and spirit was of the veriest gold. It was "Hawaii's Honest Newspaper", as was boldly printed on the editorial page. For the six months and twenty-seven days of its existence never one word did it print that was not the truth as nearly as the truth could be obtained; never one letter of editorial bitterness, revolt or joy that was not written in the white sincerity of the moment.

The paper kept faith with the people of Hawaii. While the Advertiser and Star-Bulletin frantically painted the acts of the sugar planters in letters of living light, the Times gave the deep red facts of exploitation and murder. It not only forced the "big men" of the community into the publicity of its columns when they ran amuck on bootleg liquor, robbed the city on paving contracts, killed polo ponies ruthlessly, made themselves ridiculous through business absurdities, bought guns for plantation lunas, and murdered laborers, but by this pitiless publicity it compelled the sugar planter newspapers to publish some of these facts to escape charges of deliberate news suppression.

The Times gave space to the statements of Mathewman in criticism of the government's vassalage to the planters. It supported him in his stand against actions of the governor, palpably designed to placate and please the central power. The public would never have known that a fearless and honest man occupied the attorney general's office if it had not been for the voice he found through the Times. Efforts of the other two papers to ignore him fell before this publicity.

The Times gave moral support to the Filipino plantation laborers' strike in 1924, and for six months kept the weak, wavering men off the plantations. They were finally forced back when their leaders were convicted of lawlessness and the Times had ceased to be. But the paper had held the strike together long enough to cost the sugar planters thousands of dollars a week in support of specially-deputized police officers, purchase of guns for them, their food, and the final corruption of some of the strike leaders with sugar currency.

During this strike Riley Allen in his editorials in the Star-Bulletin outdid the Advertiser in Americanism zeal. He went back of the missionaries to the framers of that sacred document, the American Constitution, and clothed the planters in the robes of Jefferson, Hancock and Adams.

Which brings me to the consideration of Frank C. Atherton who owns the Star-Bulletin. Atherton is the cleverest personal power in the whole Hawaiian scheme of things. He is a moving spirit in proselyting the Christian religion in Hawaii. His outspread wings effectively conceal his hump. He is personified sanctimony, to look at him. His face is kind, with the apparent manifestation of guilelessness. They say of him in Honolulu: "You must be wrong about Atherton; he is so good." The Hawaiian tyrants have a way with them.

It was Atherton who took Richard Trent under his wing. Trent, the only democrat in the islands with any particular fitness for the job, was made alien property custodian by A. Mitchell Palmer in 1917. Trent wanted the job for several reasons. First and foremost, he "wanted in" with the sugar ring, and he wanted the alien property funds for his Trent Trust Company. He was putty in the hands of Atherton. It was by way of Trent that Atherton, Richard Cooke, A. W. T. Bottomley and Charles Hemenway accomplished the complete prostration of the H. Hackfield Company, a German-owned corporation that controlled twenty-five percent of the sugar output of the islands and had long been a thorn in the flesh of the missionary sugar barons. Under the guise of patriotism and a wartime necessity they busted Hackfield. They formed a board of directors for a re-organized company. They signed up for themselves and their families a majority of the stock in the new corporation, known as the American Factors. And it was through the long, weary trail of the American postoffice that they notified Palmer at Washington of the closing of the stock subscription list. On Trent's recommendation to Palmer and Palmer's innocent acceptance of it, they acquired the Hackfeld company for $7,500,000. The German stockholders are now suing in the California courts for property they claim was valued in 1917 in excess of $17,500,000.

The brains of Atherton razed the Hackfeld company. Its phoenix, the American Factors, now has a board of directors made up entirely of the directors of the other four sugar factors, completing the solid front of the Big Five. "The Crime of the American Factors" was to have been the title of a series of articles in the Times.

But they killed the Times under me. Week after week I set forth despondently on the streets, ten minutes before the hour of the weekly pay envelopes, and begged or borrowed enough money to meet the payroll. Some weeks I secured it, in others I succeeded in getting only a part of it, and weeks came when I could find not a cent toward filling the envelopes.

The sugar ring killed me through my advertising columns, or through my lack of them. I could not increase my advertising to the necessary ten columns a day. With that amount and my circulation receipts of one hundred dollars a day I could have put the Times over. I needed only three months more until the beginning of the year when I could have secured enough "foreign" advertising contracts such as those of Colgates, American Tobacco Company, Ford, etc., to meet the ten-column requirement. But those who had given me their hearts and hands

(Concluded on Page Sixteen)

# THE CARMEL

## Noted Speaker For Next Meeting

THE Women's Club is particularly fortunate in having been able to secure for a speaker for its March meeting Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, head of the commission on the Minimum Wage and Industrial Legislation for Women, to which she was appointed by ex-Governor Hiram W. Johnson. Mrs. Edson will talk on "Protective Legislation for Women." The meeting will be held on Monday, March 7, at 2:30 p. m. at Pine Inn.

## Club on Record For County Charter

THE outstanding features of the proposed charter for Monterey County were explained by Mrs. Mary Wellington Gale at a meeting sponsored by the Carmel Woman's Club last Wednesday afternoon at the Sunset School Auditorium. Professor Edwin Cotrell, head of the political science department of Stanford University, who was to have addressed the Forum, was called back to Stanford on important business, and was unable to attend the meeting. He had already outlined the main points of the charter to Mrs. Gale, however, who, in his place, explained the situation. After the talk, discussion on the proposed plan was held from the floor.

Mrs. Gale stated that at the present time there are two general movements for progress in county governments in this country. One that is used in the east gives the larger municipalities control over the smaller towns near it. This plan does away with large administrative expense. The second is the "home rule" that is included in the charter form of government. This charter provides the people with laws that are made by the citizens themselves. Mrs. Gale gives as an example of this movement San Diego County. She stated that in 1918 this proposed form of government was defeated in an election by 2200 votes. In another election in 1923 it was defeated by only 700 votes, showing the trend of the public attiude toward this plan.

The action for a county charter was brought up in the first place by the American Legion which called a meeting of all patriotic and civic organizations. The only action that can be taken now, Mrs. Gale said, is to find out whether the people are willing to elect a board of freeholders who will draw up a suitable charter. This charter will then be presented to the people to be voted on. Following this a motion was made by Dr. Amelia Gates, and unaminously passed on the recomendation of the Civics Committee of the Club, on the charter question. The motion was as follows:

"That the Carmel Woman's Club goes on record through its delegats to the meeting in Salinas on February 24 as in favor of a new county charter for Monterey County providing for the essential home rule features and a county manager form of government, provided that the Board of Freeholders elected to draw up the Charter get such expert advice as is obtainable outside of the county in drawing it up, and that they submit a tentative draft of the Charter to the citizens of the county through the organizations invited to send representatives to that meeting and other channels, for discussion and suggestions before it is put in its final form."

## Club Represented At Charter Meeting

THE WOMAN'S CLUB was represented by its president, Mrs. Mary Welllington Gale, and by Miss Lily B. White at the meeting in Salinas last Thursday night at which the question of a new county charter for Monterey County was discussed by delegates from the various patriotic and civic organizations of the county. The question, which is up before the voters through action of the American Legion in calling the original meeting of the group of delegates, of which Thursday's meeting was an adjournment, will, if not acted on sooner through a special election, be up for vote at the next primary election in May, 1928.

The resolution adopted by the Carmel Woman's Club at its special meeting on the subject favoring the idea of a new charter for Monterey County and a manager form of government, provided expert advice outside the county were secured in drawing up the charter and the voters given an opportunity to discuss a tentative draft of it before it should be put in final form, were introduced by Mrs. Gale in a motion that the Salinas meeting go on record as in favor of the idea. When it became apparent that the delegates were not prepared to vote on the question at this meeting and desired further time to consider the matter, this motion was withdrawn, and it was unanimously voted by the delegates to postpone action on the question until the organization they represented should have had time for further study. Monthly meetings of the group of delegates will be arranged for at which outside experts will speak.

## Drama Group To Read "Trelawney"

THE next meeting of the Drama Section of the Woman's Club will be held on March 7, at the Carmel Art Gallery with Mrs. Louise Walcott in charge. The play to be read at that time will be, "Trelawney of the 'Wells,' " by Arthur Pinero. This play is being revived at the present time in New York, and has created a widespread interest throughout the country.

### MEXICO TO BE DISCUSSED BY FOREIGN RELATIONS GROUP

Two papers on the present situation in Mexico will be read at the next meeting of the International Relations Group of the Carmel Woman's Club, on March 16 at the home of Mrs. Teare. Mrs. Sarah Deming and Mrs. Nellie Vergon will read papers.

### GARDEN GROUP MEETS TOMORROW AFTERNOON

The next meeting of the Garden Group of the Carmel Woman's Club will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of Miss Anne Grant, on San Antonio near Tenth avenue. Miss Susan Kirk Davis will be in charge of the meeting and will lead the discussion.

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# WOMAN'S CLUB

## Bob Ritchie Thrills Forum In "Yarns"

TALES of the desert, war time stories and newspaper experiences made up Robert Welles Ritchie's "basket full of pictures" that he presented at the Forum last Thursday evening at Pine Inn, in the form of "yarns". More than three hundred people attended the Forum and listened to the most fascinating collection of reminisences ever told in Carmel.

Ritchie was introduced by Miss Helen Rosenkrans, director of the Forum, who said that the speaker had some yarns to "ravel or unravel." Ritchie then began by telling of a "whatnot" that he remembered as a boy. It sat in the corner of the "parlor" in his grandmother's house. Among the fascinating and intriguing things that this "whatnot" held was a basket full of pictures and a stereoscope. One held these pictures before the instrument and then rewarded by seeing the Niagara Falls or whatever the pictures happened to be, in life size. He then said that the yarns he was to tell would be of the same nature and he would try to make them as clear to his listeners as the pictures had been to him.

Robert Welles Ritchie has had a wealth of experiences from which to draw his material. He has been a war correspondent in France and Belgium, a newspaper editor in Japan, correspondent in Mexico, has edited and managed large newspapers and wire services, as well as written many novels and short stories. During the evening, he told several legends of the desert that he had picked up from old-timers there, during some of his travels, of some of the mob scenes he witnessed in Mexico at the time Porfirio Diaz was exiled, experiences in France and Belgium during the World War and some of the stories he heard then, queer characters he had met, and some of the experiences he had while editing an American newspaper in Japan. He described the difficulties he had on this paper, saying that he had a twenty-five-word-a-day wire service from Manila. In these twenty five words were contained everything that happened all over the world in twenty four hours. He and his staff had to fill up seven columns of type from these few words, and that is where the difficlty came in.

Ritchie has a natural gift for story telling. Never letting his facial expression betray him, he tells a humorous incident one time and then in the next breath one of sadness or terror. With a few words he describes a person, situation or thing so accurately that it is immediately brought before the listeners' eyes.

—E. I.

## Nature Study Group

By Elinor Smith, Leader

I HAVE been asked to give a sketch of the type of work done by the Nature Group of the Carmel Woman's Club. The group meets every Tuesday morning at 10:30 at Dr. Amelia Gates' home on Camino Real, and sets out with as many field glassees as can be mustered on a bird-hunting stroll, with eyes all alert for everything of beauty and interest on the way—flowers, shrubs—both coming into their glory of spring bloom at present—trees, insects, mosses, lichens, fungi; the three latter most charming in this wet weather; or if on the beach, sea-weeds, shells, sea-birds, of which we have so many, and the curious and fascinating little sea-creatures among the rock-pools.

One can't well hunt for birds alone; they are too elusive, and to see only one type of beauty and interest is too lop-sided for satisfaction. Besides, merely as an aid for quick location—most important for so whimsical a person as a bird!—to say: "See that Townsend Warbler on the lowest right branch of that live-oak (pointing) gay yellow and black on the sides of its head!"—is vastly better, if you know the live-oak, then: "on that small, dark-leafed evergreen tree", which may describe two or three different trees, and takes too long. The bird may be gone before all that can be said. All sorts of charming, unexpected things turn up on our trip, and to come across a brown thrasher "doing the mocking bird act", a cluster of rare or earliest blooming wild flowers, a gay or curious fungus, a perfect shell of infrequent occurence, gives a joy and a thrill that only those who have experienced it can appreciate, and adds a mental picture of loveliness never to be forgotten.

Carmel, set in the woods, fringed with fields, a little river bordering it on one side, the sea on another, with its yellow sand beaches interspersed with rocky points, set with fascinating tide-pools. full of quaint sea beasties, offers a varied wealth of interest.

There is a plan for an afternoon class, at 2:30, as several ladies find mornings inconvenient; also, a possible class, at a little more expense, to "nature hunt" in an automobile, a fine method for bird watching, and an opportunity for those who do not walk. In groups, for members of the club, the expense is $2.50 a month, or $6 for a course of three months. Single trips, open to anyone, are 75 cents each.

* * *

### SOME SPRING BLOSSOMS

Such continuous floods of rain would seem apt to bring forth a new crop of mushrooms—anything less moist and "gooey" than a melting-away mushroom does not seem to fit with such wetness in weather! On the contrary, the gay, bright flowers, gold predominating in variety, blue for quantity, are hurrying forth to cheer us, and the mushrooms, transient "flowers" or spore-bearers of invisible growths, are rapindly diminishing in number, as they have done their work and new "blossoms" are not necesssary, as any good-sized mushroom scatters several million spores—a few of which live and start new growth.

The pines are now gay with little cone-shaped stamen-flowers, and along the puddle-edges and wet places in general what resembles sulphur, often liberally scattered, is seen—the pollen from the millions of blossoms on the pines. Nature likes to deal in "millions"—that's her generous way of getting ahead of unaicipatable as well as forseen disasters. ters.

Few see the charming little rose purple cone-flowers on the pines; there are some in Mr. Campbell's window. They are very few in number, in comparison to the stamen-flower, and are only in proportion to the strength and size of the tree, considering them as heavy, brown three- or four-inch cones nearly three years from now. Most of them grow to cone-hood.

On the ground are buttercups, with their shining golden faces, looking as though newly varnished, and telling you, through the refraction of light and reflection of color, that "you like butter" if one is held to your chin; four kinds of golden saniculas are now in bloom, livening many a green or even a dull spot, for the parsley-leafed sanicula, with its coppery-golden umbels of flowers on slender stems, shine gayly from many a shaded, shrubby nook, while their gay cousins, the "Golden Mats" or "Footsteps of Spring", as the quaint local name has it, look like spashes of sunshine spilled and spattered out into golden, fine-cut leaves as well as odd little bouquets of yelllow flowers on the grassy slopes.

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# THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

HUMANITY needs Truth in order to understand the confusion of immediate details. The details of the commonplace environment seem to be the whole of life until we secure some principle of interpretation that links it with a larger Whole. We gradually arrange our facts and thus become aware of self, family, village, state, nation, and the world.

Humanity needs Truth in order to escape from the limits of the inherited traditions. Earth, heaven, and hell constituted the whole universe to ancient people and,even now, these three occupy the entire thoughts of many modern folk. The discoveries of Columbus and his successors altered the ideas of the earth. The discoveries of Copernicus and other astronomers altered the location of heaven and hell. It is recorded as an actual historical event that the inhabitants of these places saw each other and conversed as to the merits of the situation and one location was just above the other. For centuries one place was called hell; now it has been revised into hades, but it is still "a place of torment." "And in hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish in this flame." (Luke 16:24). Abraham refused this act of mercy, but many people have since said they could not possibly be happy in a heaven so close to hell.

Knowledge of astronomy gives some idea of the infinitesimal proportions of this planet in the midst of a universe of Space which is boundless, infinite, and inconceivable, with countless orbs larger than our sun. This makes us hesitate to assume that this small planet is the center of God's thought.

The gradual growth of consciousness depends upon the discovery of Truth which explains and expands the details; and increase of intelligence destroys the horrors of tradition. Every new principle links some of the known facts, and thus makes a larger intelligible environment. We understand more of self, human nature, and the universe through becoming aware of additional facts and cosmic principles. Knowledge depends upon the discovery and understanding of Truth. Truth exists whether we are aware of it or not. As we become aware of the nature of Truth, our knowledge and power grow. As we misunderstand Truth, error and weakness grow. Our knowledge of Truth is the measure of our adaptation to the conditions of healthful life. There are many mis-fits because of error in interpretation and adaptation.

There are three methods by which men seek to find Truth and escape from error. These methods are called science, philosophy, and religion. It is idle to say which came first in history, or which is the most important. They are three evolutionary products of human thought and are equally important. They are equally honorable in history and in fruition. They abound in misunderstanding and error. Only by the gradual increase of knowledge and the constant elimination of error, do science, philosophy, and religion enable mankind to grapple with self and the environment in a worthy way.

People who think are never satisfied with their knowledge. Dissatisfaction is proportinate to knowledge. Every increase in knowledge solves a portion of some problem, but the problem constantly increases in extent and importance. Every increase in power of microscope or telescope opens a larger vista of unknown realms of life, space, and opportunity.

The people who think may adopt only one of the three methods of approach to definite knowledge. Those who wish to know only the facts are called scientists. Those who try to unite the sciences and discover larger meanings are called philosophers. Those who seek the ultimate Power and Intelligence beyond appearances are called religionists. Those who limit their approach to Reality to the one method of science gain the power of specialization. They go deeper through concentration in analysis. Those who use the two methods of science and philosophy gain wider knowledge through reflection in synthesis. Those who adopt all three methods of science, philosophy, and religion gradually learn to analyze, synthesize, and become wise. Those who know only science or only religion are very apt to become bigots and fanatics.

"How few think rightly, of the thinking few;
How many never think at all, who think they do."

The single view of life called Science consists in discovering facts and systematizing them. Science is occupied with the material world and physical things. Some scientists are not qualified to philosophize, for they have not discovered the meaning of the facts. Many scientists know this quite well, and they are satisfied with their limitations. Other scientists with a warped diposition, nursing what we call "a grouch", try to make their facts fit a preconceived theory of philosophy and religion. Ernest Haeckel in his "Riddle of the Universe" is a typical example of a scientist out of his natural element, plunging recklessly into deep water without having learned to swim. Such men should be content to wade and not dive through the breakers out into the Great Deep. If you read Haeckel's book, be sure also to read its refutation by Sir Oliver Lodge in his "Life and Matter."

When people are not satisfied to clasify and systematize facts, but also desire to link the facts into interpretations of meanings, they may in time come to deserve the great name of philosophers, lovers of wisdom. Truth is deeper than the facts. Perception gives us facts, but only long and through reflection will give us the Truth about the facts. There is always more meaning in the facts than any scientist or philosopher has discovered. Those who discover the most meaning always perceive another problem beyond their mental grasp.

"The Unknowable" does not concern us. There is always more to be known after due application to any line of investigation. A little learning is a dangerous thing, if it breeds confidence. Young people know many things that are not so; after a while they will not say quite glibly, "I know", but will change to "I think" and "I have been told." We all have opinions and gradually come to learn that there is a vast difference between an opinion and genuine, verified knowledge.

I started this essay to say that EVOLUTION is a problem for philosophers and is beyond the capacity of mere scientists. I have rambled around to this point which I consider to involve one of the greatest issues ever brought before the American people. The problem is this,—What shall be taught to children as an interpretation of the history of the planet? Scientists have honestly and earnestly endeavored to discover its history, and some of them are now teaching their opinions as Truth. As long as they say,—"This is my theory," then I consider they are well within their rights and are performing their duties. I agree with the principle of thought and speech best expressed by Voltaire, "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it."

Evolution is a fact. That is to say,—The planet Earth has had a long history of developement by which it came to be what it now is. It is a fact that species have many similarities in construction. The same patterns and materials have been used in a gradual increase of complexity and consequent power of function. Organisms are alike but they also differ. To consider only their similarities and to teach that one species gave birth to another by ordinary descent is to lose sight of their dissimilarities. Evolution has included progress. This progress and the results which we now find can be explained only by the operation of a Supreme Intelligence.

Every effect must have had an adequate cause of like kind. "The stream cannot rise higher than its source." The cause of the process must be judged by its results. To search for origins is fruitless, but philosophy reaches the interpretation of products. It is well to study the lowest forms of life, the beginnings of intelligence. But the principle of interpretation of the meaning of any process lodges in understanding its latest, its highest, its best products.

It is painful to me to read a splendid book on "Evolution" and find it stop short with the physical body of man. Organic evolution looks reasonable when consider-

ing only the elements and factors recognized. But when we know something of the more valuable results omitted entirely from the list given, it is a curiosity, to put it mildly, to note that the thinker has not accounted for himself. The intensity of a life-long search for knowledge of the facts, principles, and laws of nature; why would not the thinker account for his life of devotion? Whence came the love of knowledge which stimulates to years of work apart from any public recognition or reward?

A horse or cow is useful and the intelligence of the animal is an appreciated addition to any mere mechanism. The animal will do much for itself and its master that increases the value of its function in life. I do not know how great the disparity is between man and the animal; it is evidently variable. If some students are willing to claim kinship with the monkey and acknowledge that there is very little difference, I have no quarrel with them nor any desire to instruct them otherwise. I am not sure of my ground with them. But, when I consider the great men and women of the race, I know that the gulf of intelligence and power cannot be bridged by any theory of descent by ordinary generation from any lower species. "The missing link" is beyond all computation by mathematics or philosophy. The disparity of intelligence in kind and degree certainly elevates the gentle man and the noble woman to a vastly higher plane than is possible for any animal. This increase in capacity was not derived from below; it came from above.

There is no power in the mineral kingdom to lift any simple element or combination into the vegetable kingdom There is no power in the plant kingdom to produce an animal. The animal absorbs the vegetable elements for its sustenance and these substances are assimilated into a physical body. There is no power in the animal to produce the human species. The human absorbs the animal, vegetable and mineral substances and creats a new body after its own kind. The pattern of the organism and the materials of its construction are similar to those of the animal; but there is no power in the animal to produce the human body. The higher life takes up the lower to another plane of manifestation and a greater function.

The intelligence of the highest animal may indicate relationship to man in desires, passions, and emotions. It is possible for man to retrograde lower than the animal in these realms. But the range of man's potential intelligence is so vastly superior to that of the animal that no one has ever suggested any process by which a monkey could be developed into a human being. If anyone will tell us how to bridge the gulf that exists now, I shall be willing to believe that in the dim and distant past the gulf was spanned by intelligence equal to or less than the human possessions now. Since no one knows how man was created, I must believe that it was done by superhuman intelligence. Those who believe that "evolution" is a magic word to account for the present plane of life should describe the process which has produced the mental, moral, and spiritual capacities of mankind. If man does not understand his own body or mind, it is certain that they were not created by any intelligence less than his own.

The mental, moral and spiritual potentialities of mankind came from a higher source, they could not have proceeded from a lower. Science must recognize the facts of the whole life of man. Human life is founded on a physical basis but departs therefrom in order to be considered truly human. All literature witnesses to a higher life than the animal's and tends toward a divine source. Poetry, philosophy, and religion point the way to greater attainments. The search for Truth was never so keen as now. We know there is much more to know than has ever been discovered or revealed.

I consider those men wise and good who could rest in perfect faith in God's omniscience and omnipotence when their practical duties in life forbade them leisure to think. It was, and it is now, right for some to be satisfied with the statement, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." Yet I consider it cowardly and self-destructive for one who has the capacity and opportunity for thought, to refrain from asking, How? When? and Why?, as long as he has conscious life. There is no place to stop and to say either, I know it all; or, it has all been written in books.

I imagine that God is intelligent. Then I see no reason why it should be made a part of religion to attempt by legislation to limit science, philosophy, and religion to mere belief in the brief, allegorical, incomplete statements in Genesis. Science is being rewritten continually to keep pace with the discovery of new facts. The Bible is a valuable book in its proper place, and when rightly understood, but it is a very dangerous book if given to children as teaching either correct science or true religion. To get good from the Bible, it is necessary to reject many statements absolutely, and to receive many others as partials truths. Take the so-called "Golden Rule" as one example and let an allopathic physician apply it to a Christian Scientist, or the reverse, and there will be trouble right away. The M. D. will forcibly administer drugs, and the C. S. P. will positively refuse to allow their use. It is not advisable for either to do to the other as he or she would be done by.

It is certainly remarkable (and very different adjectives are very frequently used) that any considerable body of people should propose that the Bible be forced upon the nation in settlement of a scientific and religious controversy. Any knowledge of the history and composition of the sixty-six booklets now arbitrarily bound under one cover should show its inadaptibility (and here again I am very mild). The Old Testament is full of slaughter of tribes, men, women, children, and animals. Jesus argued with the Jews as to the meaning of their scriptures. The Jews have never been able to see that Jesus fulfilled the Messianic prophecies. Paul withstood Peter to the face and blamed him for his interpretation of Truth (Galatians 2:11) though Peter had been three years with Jesus, and Paul had never seen him except in a psychological experience. The epistles of Paul differ radically from the four gospels of the disciples.

The history of Christianity reeks with warfare over the interpretation of the Bible and the formation of dogma. There are innumerable denominations and sects of Christians. Every company of believers is divided in their opinions about one or more doctrines. The Bible has been the cause of bitter controversy and national warfare, Crusades, inquisitions, burning of heretics, persecution of opponents, separation of families, and irreconcilable theories and conduct. Yet the Bible as a whole, without distinction of parts or doctrines, is to be forced upon the people of all religions and no religion as a final authority concerning the method by which the earth was formed and covered with life. Those who believe the Bible to be the infallible revelation of God are forcing it upon those who cannot so accept it. This is union of church and state with a vengeance. This is government without the consent of the governed. It is anti-American. It cannot make peace but will be a cause for constant bad feeling in every town.

The Bible is the cause of conflicts and the reason is to be found within itself. Passages may be selected and labeled "key to the scriptures" but a vast number of passages have been rejected in order to make a reasonable creed. This destroys the principle of authority, for each sect makes a different selection. It is not truth-seeking, but the popular way is to join some sect and believe only what is handed out. The search for Truth takes any intense student to, then through, and finally beyond the books. Every soul is entitled to an original approach to nature and to nature's God.

—HENRY C. THOMPSON

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# FLEA-TALK

(From The New Yorker)

(Scene: The upper Forties—the left ear of Champion Tintern Tip-top, Sealyham.)

First Trained Flea—'Lo, Lester! Fancy meeting you here.

Second Trained Flea—Well, Bill! How's the flea? Where've you been all winter?

First T. F.—Over here at the museum. Did a nice little specialty for two months and then they gave me the lead. I've been knocking them dead at every performance, but the darned show closed last night.

Second T. F.—Rotten luck, old man. What was the trouble?

First T. F.—Big fight with Equity. Found out half the chorus were non-Equity fleas, so we had to close. Are you working?

Second T. F.—Oh, I've quit the profession. I've got my eye on a nice, big, rambling old collie out in Woodmere and I'm going to settle down out there with the sweetest little flea in the world.

First T. F.—Congratulations! Who's the lucky girl—Beatrice?

Second T. F.—Good Lord, no! Beatrice and I split up long ago. Last I heard of her she was living on some dreadful little cat in the Village.

First T. F.—A cat! How low!

Second T. F.—Ghastly! Well, so long, old fellow. Here's an Airedale that seems to be going my way. If you ever get out to Woodmere drop in and see us. Irving Place—first collie from the corner. Ask any police dog.

First T. F.—Olive oil!

—PHYLLIS RYAN

## A Rejected Manuscript

(Continued from Page Eleven)

could not give me money. I was fighting on the side of the people who had only hearts and hands. The Times died in September, 1924.

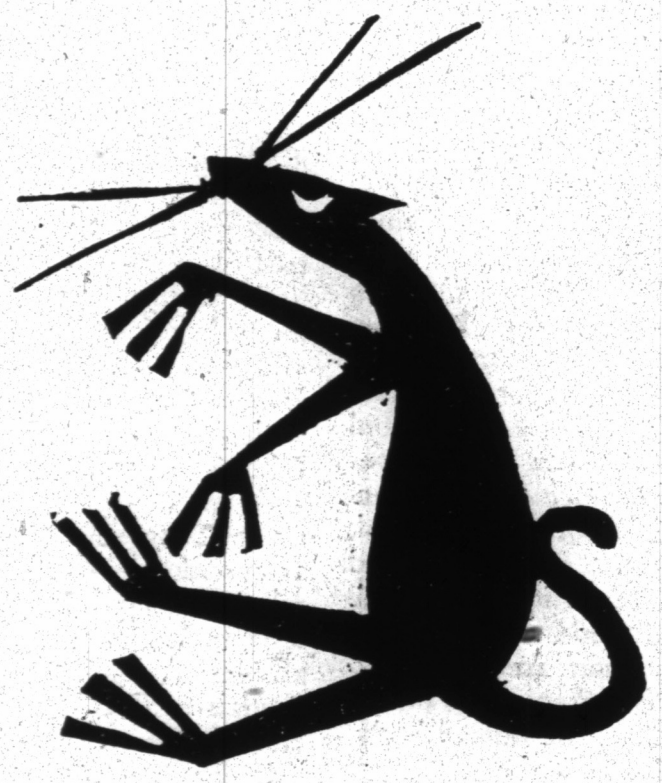
To-day those who sit on the lanai of the Moana Hotel on the beach at Waikiki and read the Advertiser and Star-Buletin are informed that in Hawaii "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world", while actually there is not a country on the face of the earth more deeply festered with criminal exploitation and domination by men whose only thought is of themselves and their own aggrandizement. Hawaii, a beautiful land of wonderful people, is made hidious by Americans and Americanization. They have ruthlessly confiscated a country that originally possessed all the god of creation has promised of the joy and ecstacy of life.

In this crime journalism has played a leading and powerful role. At the gate of heaven Lorrin Thurston and Frank Atherton must drop to their knees and crawl to the feet of their missionary ancestors who, though misguided, possessed the saving virtues of sincerity and honor.

—W. K. BASSETT

# *Answer to Snik*

DEAR SNIK
Allez oop
So say us
To you
And whoop
The view
From HATTON FIELDS
See the beauty
Nature yields
Homes yes
Not too exclusive
Here's a view
Here's a home
For you
And all inclusive
This is confidential
You are Snik
Here's you're credential
DON'T BE SICK.



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